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The Red Dress



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Chapter 1 by Shae

Granny locked me in my room and she won't let me out. She says it's because I was bad.

Sometimes I do bad things. Ever since my mommy went away. Granny says my mommy is in heaven. I don't know how she got there.

I can still remember mommy. I remember her long black hair and her dark eyes. I remember her red lips and her white teeth. I remember her soft skin. I remember the way she smelled.

Her red dress still smells like her. It's hanging in the wardrobe in her bedroom. Granny keeps mommy's room locked. She says I'm not allowed in there, but I know where she hides the key. Sometimes when granny falls asleep I sneak in there and smell mommy's red dress.

I have a friend called Mary Ann. She lives across the street. Sometimes she comes over to my house to play. She came over today. We were playing with dolls.

Granny told me, "Don't go into your mother's room."

"OK," I said.

When Granny took her nap, I told Mary Ann, "Let's play dress-up."

I took the key from Granny's hiding place and unlocked the door to mommy's bedroom. We went inside. It was almost too dark to see.

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[I had made me angry. I opened the door and went into the room where my mother was sleeping.](#)

“This is my mommy’s dress,” I said. I held it up to show her.

“It stinks,” Mary Ann said.

“No it doesn’t,” I said. “It smells like flowers.”

“It smells like dead things,” she said.

That made me even more angry.

"Who's that?" asked Mary Ann. She was pointing at a picture.

"That's my mommy," I said. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"She's ugly," Mary Ann said. "She has creepy eyes and her teeth are weird."

"No she hasn't," I said. "She looks like the most beautiful girl in the world!"

“She looks like a dead thing,” Mary Ann said.

That made me the angriest of all.

I don't remember what happened then. I think I heard Mary Ann screaming. I don't remember why. It was dark and I almost couldn't see. I couldn't hear anything except Mary Ann screaming.

I think something bad happened.

Then I remember granny shouting at me. She was crying too. She took the red dress off me. She was really rough and she kept hitting me. I was crying too.

Granny fetched a washcloth and wiped the blood off my face. She told me over and over how bad I was. Then, she dragged me all the way upstairs and locked me in my room.

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Chapter 2 by R



Granny sends a lot of doctors up here. I think she thinks I'm sick.

They don't talk in English but in the old language, so I only catch a few words. I can tell by their faces none of the doctors think I can be cured.

Most of them are scared of me.

I don't know why.

She won't let me out to play with my friends anymore. I think she's worried I'll do whatever I did to Mary Ann again. I've promised that I wouldn't, that I would be good.

I think she's stopped believing me.

The whole room smells weird now. I don't like the smell of all the herbs and plants Granny has put up on the walls, but I don't dare take them down. I don't want her to think I'll be bad again.

I can hear Granny curse whenever she comes to visit me. "She looks more and more like her mother each day."

I'm glad of that. My mother is beautiful. I want to be beautiful too.

Chapter 3 by nighteye



It's my birthday today. I asked Granny if I could have a party.

"Please, Granny?"

"No, dear. You might not be - not this year."

She looks guilty. Why does she look so guilty?

Chapter 4 by The Coffee Freak



I spent the rest of my birthday in my room crying. I wish my mommy was here with me. Granny

they have one day, mommy will come. I wish my mommy will come. I wish my mommy

opened the door and told me she loves me. I wish my mommy will come. I wish my mommy

instead of me would go out. I wish my mommy will come. I wish my mommy will come. I wish my mommy

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out to a fancy place that I forgot the name of. The waitresses smiled and told me happy birthday. I nearly hugged Granny. But Mary Ann's parents were there too. They were not happy to see us. "Where is our daughter!?" they yelled at Granny. They yelled and fought and I started getting angry.

"You're ruining my birthday!" I screamed. All the servers screamed when the glass broke. Granny scooped me up and ran out of the restaurant. She took me home and locked me in my room again. She looked guilty again.

"I'm sorry dear." Were the last words she said to me. I've been here for ten minutes and now I smell smoke. I don't know what granny did, but it was bad, more bad than what I did to Mary Ann, more bad than what I did at dinner. Then I saw fire climbing up the walls. I cried and screamed. Then Mommy came out of a wall. I ran and hugged her.

"Nothing will hurt you now Darling." She cooed. I was never happier before.

Chapter 5 by Someone



(Note: this is Granny's POV)

My husband had a daughter.

It wasn't anything surprising, of course. He was a king after all.

I was very much in love with him, and I'm sure he was too, because he warned me of his 'special daughter' in his little ways. He would suggest that the Queen hadn't died of illness, or mention her lack of friends in those private days we had outside the public eyes. He'd talk about his special daughter, Snow White.

And special she was indeed. At first, I thought it wasn't something too important. Royal children often tended to be troubled. But some time after the announcement of our marriage, I realised that there was something more to it.

How beautifully she shone through her cruelty! How she would abuse me in her little ways, the 'pranks' becoming gradually more serious! One day, I snapped. I implored my husband to get me

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Then he pleaded, that once we somehow find a way to end the curse, she would become normal. He very much loved his daughter, and hopelessly in love I was with him, that I agreed to keep the child.

The day he died with his kingdom, I fled with Snow White to the neighbouring kingdom. She had turned 16 that day, and was more beautiful than I had ever even imagined her to be. She behaved like darling daughter for a while, but when she brought the baby with her one day, she fell.

'I know what I am, please, I can't do this anymore!' she cried.

'Snow, please, it's all right!'

'You know it's not!' she grabbed the butchering knife on the table. 'You don't understand... Even at this moment, I'm thinking of murdering you... after all you've done for me!'

She looked at me miserably. I was looking for words that would make her drop the knife, but without giving me a chance to utter a syllable, she pierced the knife through her heart.

Only cries from the baby filled the little cottage.

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